

WAR FRONT FURY BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

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AUTHORITY

G.I. COMBAT

JULY

No. 38

10¢

THE STEEL TRAP

GET THAT TANK

PRIVATE LONGHORSE
ATTACKS

INVASION
DRIVE





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G.I. COMBAT

The STEEL TRAP.



FOR MONTHS MAJOR GARRETT'S G.I. FORCES HAD STOOD OFF THE ON-SLAUGHTS OF RUSSIAN-SUPPLIED RED IRAQIAN SABOTEURS! BUT AS THE 600 MILE STEEL ARTERY FROM THE MOSUL OIL FIELDS TO THE PERSIAN GULF NEARED COMPLETION, THE REDS GREW MORE DESPERATE! TIME WAS RUNNING OUT! THE AMERICANS, ON CONSTANT PATROL, WERE CONSTANTLY VIGILANT! COLONEL ORLOV, COMMANDING THE RED HORDES, FRANTICALLY DECIDED ON A NEW METHOD OF ATTACK!

SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS SOUTH OF THE MOSUL OIL FIELDS...

THIS DOTTED LINE REPRESENTS THE INCOMPLETED LENGTH OF THE AMERICAN PIPE LINE! OUR JOB, EL FALLOM, IS TO SEE THAT IT STAYS INCOMPLETED!



IF THIS 600 MILE PIPELINE IS FINISHED, MOSUL OIL WILL BE PUMPED TO PORTS ON THE PERSIAN GULF! THE MILITARY POWER OF THE WESTERN ALLIES IN THE NEAR EAST WILL BE VASTLY INCREASED!

NATURALLY MY TRIBESMEN SHARE THE AIMS OF THE KREMLIN, COLONEL CROV! BUT THEY WILL NEED MORE THAN THEIR FEROCITY TO ATTACK THE AMERICANS!

FEAR NOT, EL FALLOM! YOUR FORCE WILL BE CONSTANTLY SUPPLIED BY AIR-DROP WITH ALL THE WEAPONS YOU'LL NEED!



THEN CONSIDER THE AMERICANS DOOMED! THEIR PIPELINE WILL VANISH UNDER THE BLASTS OF OUR DYNAMITE!

IT MUST BE SO, EL FALLOM! MY SUPERIORS WILL TOLERATE NO EXCUSES! IF WE DON'T SUCCEED, OUR LIVES WILL BE FORFEIT!



A WEEK LATER, 200 MILES SOUTH OF THE OIL FIELDS, A GROUP OF TRIBESMEN ATTACK AN AMERICAN POSITION!

YESTERDAY IT WAS A SKIRMISH! THIS TIME IT'S AN ALL-OUT ATTACK! WHAT ARE THESE HILL TRIBES UP TO ANYWAY, MAJOR?

OUR DESTRUCTION! BEAT 'EM BACK, SERGEANT! THIS ATTACK IS ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT'S TO COME!



"THEY'RE TURNIN' 'EM, MAJOR! WE GOT 'EM LICKED!"

ONLY TEMPORARILY, KENDALL! FROM NOW ON, THESE RED BANDS WILL HARRASS US EVERY MOMENT!



LT. JERRIS REPORTING, SIR! THE PIPELINE IS NOT DAMAGED!

GOOD! PASS THE WORD TO THE OTHER OFFICERS, JERRIS! THERE'LL BE AN EMERGENCY CONFERENCE IN MY TENT TONIGHT AT 7 SHARP!



THAT NIGHT, AT 7 P.M., OUTSIDE MAJOR GARRETT'S TENT...

HAH... MAJOR GARRETT'S SET UP AN AROUND-THE-CLOCK HELICOPTER PATROL! THESE WINDELLS HAVE BEEN PASSING OVERHEAD SINCE FOUR O'CLOCK!

WE NEED 'EM, JERRIS! HOW ELSE CAN WE DEFEND 150 MILES OF PIPELINE? WE NEED A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WHAT THE REDS ARE UP TO!



SHORTLY AFTER, INSIDE THE TENT...

ANYBODY WHO THOUGHT THAT DEFENDING THIS PIPELINE WOULD BE A ROUTINE JOB BETTER WAKE UP! AS USUAL, MOSCOW WON'T SAY THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE RAIDS! THEY'LL PASS THE BLAME TO THESE RAGIAN TRIBESMEN!



THE RAIDERS WILL HAVE EVERY MILITARY ADVANTAGE THE RUSSIANS CAN DROP INTO THEIR LAPS BY PARACHUTE! NOT EXCLUDING ARMY OFFICERS WITH SKILL AND EXPERIENCE TO ADVISE 'EM!

AND THEY CAN ATTACK US ANYWHERE, MAJOR!



HOW CAN WE DEFEND THE PIPELINE IF WE'RE 50 MILES FROM THE SCENE OF ANY GIVEN ATTACK?

GOOD QUESTION, CAPTAIN! I'VE ASKED HEADQUARTERS FOR INCREASED MOBILITY! BESIDES, THE REDS HAVE THE SAME PROBLEM! THEY CAN'T ATTACK IN FORCE IF THEY DISTRIBUTE THEIR TROOPS TOO THINLY!



THE POINT IS...WE'LL HAVE TO BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE! OUR OBJECTIVE IS...TO CAPTURE THE ATTACKERS! IF WE LACK THIS BUNCH, IT'LL DETER ANY OTHER BATCH OF TRIBESMEN FROM TAKING THEIR PLACE!



SO, IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED...

TAKE 'ER UP, JIM! THEY'VE GOT MACHINE GUNS! THIS RULES OUT ANY CLOSE SCRUTINY OF THE TERRAIN!



HA! THE MACHINE GUNS WE RECEIVED YESTERDAY KEEP THE POOLS AT A DISTANCE!

NONSENSE, ORLOV! THEIR OBSERVERS CAN OVERCOME DISTANCE WITH TELESCOPIC VIEWERS! WE'LL NEED ANTI-AIRCRAFT WEAPONS!



YOU'RE RIGHT, EL FALLOW!
I'LL ORDER THE GUNS
TONIGHT! UNLESS WE CAN
MOVE ABOUT WITHOUT
DETECTION, OUR ATTACKS
CAN BE ANTICIPATED!

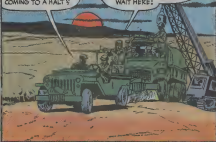
NOT THE ONE WE
PLAN TOMORROW
NIGHT! ALL THEIR
AIR-SPOTTERS PUT
TOGETHER COULD
NOT FORESEE
TOMORROW NIGHT'S
SCHEME!



AS THE DYING SUN STREAKED THE SKY WITH CRIMSON, THE FOLLOW-
ING NIGHT...

WHAT IS IT,
MAJOR? WHY ARE WE
COMING TO A HALT?

I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING
ON THE GROUND AHEAD!
WAIT HERE!



SEE THOSE FOOTPRINTS, JERRIS?
AS IF SOMEONE HAD POUNDED
THE EARTH IN WITH HIS FEET!
LET'S GET BACK TO THE JEEP!
I WANT TO TRY SOMETHING!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

YES
NOW!

OKAY, MAJOR! THE
WHEEL'S STRAPPED!
THE ACCELERATOR IS
DEPRESSED! SHALL
I LET 'ER GO?



YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, THE
REDS *KNOW* THE ROUTE
WE HAVE TO TRAVEL! IT'S
JUST POSSIBLE THEY MINED
THE GROUND AHEAD OF US!

BUT THE
WEIGHT OF
THE JEEP
HASN'T
TOUCHED
OFF AN
EXPLOSION!



BECAUSE IT HASN'T REACHED THE TRIGGER
MINE YET! IF THE REDS WANTED TO KNOCK
OUT OUR ENTIRE COLUMN, THEY'D WAIT TILL
OUR WHOLE FORCE STOOD UPON THE
MINE FIELD!

G-SOOD
GRIEF!
THERE IT
GOES!



GET
DOWN!



A PLAGUE ON THEM! THEY'VE EXPLODED THE MINE FIELD! NOT EVEN ONE OF THEM WAS HURT! EL FALLOW, ATTACK!... NOW!

NO, ORLOV! IT WOULD BE A WASTED EFFORT! THEIR MAIN FORCE IS CONCENTRATED BELOW! LET'S BIDE OUR TIME AND PLAN CAREFULLY!

BUT WE PLANNED CAREFULLY AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED! ALL OUR MINES BLOWN UP FOR NOTHING!

THEN WE MUST BE CLEVERER STILL! REMEMBER THAT IF ANY TRIBESMEN ARE DEFEATED NO OTHER WILL TAKE THEIR PLACES! RELAX, ORLOV! OUR TIME WILL COME!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED...

ARMORED UNIT NUMBER 9 REPORTING! NO SIGN OF VANDALISM! AM RETURNING TO OUTPOST!

HELICOPTER 5 REPORTING! THE REDS MUST BE IN HIDING! NO MOVEMENT VISIBLE FOR MANY MILES AROUND!



BUT A WEEK LATER...

THEY CAN'T ESCAPE, COLONEL! THEY'RE DEAD IN OUR SIGHTS AND TOTALLY UNPREPARED FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!

ALL RIGHT! BLAST AWAY!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, JIM! WE'RE ON T-FIRE!

I-I WANT TO REPORT IT! HELICOPTER 7 TOTALLY DISABLED BY RED FLAK! DITTO HELICOPTER 8! SAILING OUT IN SECTION 54! SIGNING OFF!



GOOD SHOOTING, ORLOV! ZM OFF!

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT BIDDING OUR TIME, EL FALLOW! THIS OPERATION SHOULD CATCH THE FOOLS ON GROUND AS OFF-GUARD AS WE CAUGHT THOSE IN THE AIR!

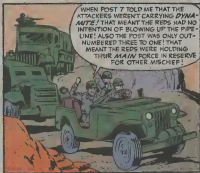
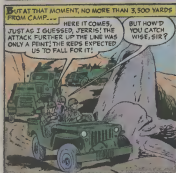


AN HOUR LATER, AT A LIGHTLY-PROTECTED SECTION OF THE PIPE-LINE...

H-HOLY CATS, SARGE! IT'S A RAID!

KEEP UP YOUR FIRE! I'M CALLIN' MAJOR GARRETT! POST 7 CALLIN' THE C.O.! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED THREE TO ONE!





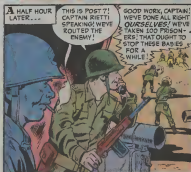


N-NO! DON'T SHOOT! WE SURRENDER!

RESISTANCE IS USELESS! RETREAT TO THE HILLS! QUICK!



SOMEHOW THEY CAUGHT WISE TO OUR RUSE! THIS AMERICAN COMMANDER MUST HAVE A SIXTH SENSE! HE READS OUR MINDS!



A HALF HOUR LATER....

THIS IS POST 7! CAPTAIN RIETTI SPEAKING! WE'VE ROUTED THE ENEMY!

GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN! WE'VE DONE ALL RIGHT OURSELVES! WE'VE TAKEN 100 PRISONERS! THAT OUGHT TO STOP THESE BASSES FOR A WHILE!



MAYBE NOW WE CAN RELAX, EH, MAJOR?

ON THE CONTRARY, JERRE! THE REDS WILL BE MORE DESPERATE THAN EVER TO SMASH THE PIPELINE! TIME IS RUNNING OUT ON THEM! WE'VE GOT TO BE TWICE AS VIGILANT AS BEFORE!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE HILLS....

AS LONG AS THIS AMERICAN COMMANDER IS SO CLEVER, WE'LL GET NOWHERE, ORLOV!

THEN OUR MAIN OBJECTIVE MUST BE TO WIPE OUT THE PROTECTING FORCE! AFTER THAT WE CAN DESTROY THE PIPELINE TO OUR HEART'S CONTENT!



WE'D BETTER DO IT FAST! MY TRIBESMEN ARE LOSING HEART! THE LITTLE MONEY THEY GET NO LONGER SEEMS ATTRACTIVE TO THEM!

THEN WE MUST LAY A TRAP FOR THE AMERICANS! A TRAP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE! ALL OUR MOVEMENTS MUST TAKE PLACE AT NIGHT!



IN THAT WAY, THEIR HELICOPTERS WILL SEE NOTHING! I'LL ASK HEAD-QUARTERS FOR SMOKE BOMBS TO FURTHER INSURE THE SECRECY OF OUR MOVEMENTS! THEN... THE TRAP!

A FEW DAYS LATER AS THE RAINS FELL....

I KNOW WHAT YOU

SOMETHING'S UP, MAJOR! THE HELICOPTERS REPORT NO RED MOVEMENTS WHATSOEVER! YET WE KNOW THEY'RE STILL UP IN THE HILLS!

MEAN, CAPTAIN! COULD BE THEY'RE MOVING AT NIGHT! TELL THE PATROLS TO REDOUBLE THEIR VIGILANCE!



EARLY MORNING, IN THE HILLS, JUST BEFORE DAWN WHILE THE RAIN STILL FELL....

WE'RE IN TROUBLE, ORLOV! MY MEN ARE NOT YET IN POSITION AND DAWN IS BREAKING! WE'LL BE SPOTTED FROM THE AIR!

NO, EL FALLOW! I ANTICIPATED AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS! THESE SMOKE BOMBS WE'RE UNCRATING WILL MASK OUR MOVEMENTS TO ANYONE IN A PLANE! THEY WILL HOVER A HUNDRED FEET FROM THE GROUND!



AN HOUR LATER AS THE RAIN CEASES!

THIS SMOKE SCREEN MIGHT BE ANOTHER TRICK, MAJOR! THE REDS MIGHT WANT US TO THINK THEY'RE CONCENTRATING BELOW WHEN THEY'RE ACTUALLY ELSEWHERE!

STAY WITH THE SMOKE, LIEUTENANT! REPORT ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS!



THAT AFTERNOON, THE CAMP HAD A VISITOR....

GREETINGS, AMERICANS! I AM EL FALLOW, LEADER OF THE TRIBESMEN WHO GAVE YOU TROUBLE! I HAVE DESERTED MY RUSSIAN COMPANIONS! I AM QUITS WITH THEM!

WHAT CAUSED THE BREACH?

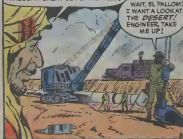


YOU DID, BY YOUR HEROIC DEFENSE! WE CANNOT BEAT YOU! IN RETURN FOR BEING EXCUSED FOR MY RAIDS, I WILL LEAD YOU TO ORLOV'S FORCES! THEY ARE BEYOND THE HILLS....IN THE DESERT!

THE DESERT, EH?



CORRECT! THE DESERT, FROM WHERE I HAVE JUST COME! ORLOV PLANS A MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON YOUR PIPELINE TEN MILES BELOW HERE! I WILL LEAD YOU TO ORLOV THROUGH A SHORT CUT IN THE HILLS!

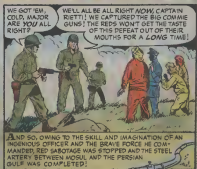


WAIT, EL FALLOW! I WANT A LOOK AT THE DESERT! ENGINEER, TAKE ME UP!

W-WHAT IS THIS NONSENSE, MAJOR? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

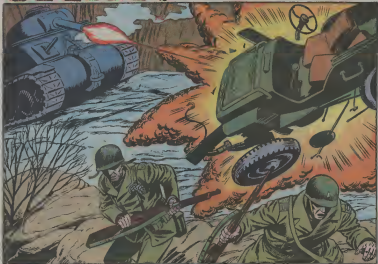


THE DESERT! FROM A HEIGHT OF JUST UNDER 100 FEET...THE HEIGHT OF A MILE LONG SMOKE-SCREEN, SHALL WE SAY? CAPTAIN, SEIZE EL FALLOW!



GET THAT TANK

THE RED T-34 WAS A LONE WOLF KILLER ON THE LOOSE -- CUT OFF FROM HIS COMRADES-- LEFT WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT PROWL THE THICKETS ALONG THE HALF-FROZEN MYONGU RIVER AND HARRASS THE UN OUTPOST! THE G.I.'S CALLED HIM "WANG BANG" AND CURSED HIM THROUGH CHATTERING TEETH --- SHIVERING IN THE KOREAN COLD WHILE THEY TRIED TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO KILL A 35-TON TANK WITH CARBINES AND HAND GRENADES!



ORIGINALLY THERE WERE SIX RED TANKS, SPOTTED ONE MORNING BY A THUNDERBOLT SQUADRON ON PATROL!

YA-HOO! SIX COMMIE CANS JUST CROSSED THE MYONGU BRIDGE! WE'RE IN BUSINESS!



THE NEAREST COVER WAS BACK ACROSS THE RIVER, IN RED TERRITORY, AND THE TANKS FOOLISHLY RISKED A RUN FOR IT!

I'VE HEARD A RUMOR THAT TANKS CAN'T SWIM, GANG! HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO FIND OUT IF IT'S TRUE!



THE LAST TANK SLOWER THAN THE OTHERS
HAD TIME TO SWERVE OFF FROM
THE DEATH TRAP!



THE JETS HUNTED BUT THEY WERE SHORT
ON FUEL — AND AT 600 MPH THE GROUND
WAS A BLUR AT LOW ALTITUDE!



THE
EIGHTH
FIGHTER-
BOMBER
COMMAND
FLASHED
WORD
TO THE C.R.
NEAREST
THE WYONGU
..TO THE
TANK-
KILLER
TEAM
OF
LIEUTENANT
SAUNDERS!

COME ON, YOU LUCKY
BOYS! WE'RE HAVING
A PICNIC ON THE
WYONGU! BRING
YOUR CAN-OPENER,
MURPHY!

OH, NO! ANY
COMMIE DUMB
ENOUGH TO BRING
A TANK OUT IN
THIS WEATHER
OUGHTA FREEZE!
WHY SHOULD WE
PUT HIM OUTA HIS
MISERY?



MURPHY AND CHAVEZ,
TAKE THE LEAD
JEEP WITH ME!
THE REST STICK
CLOSE IN
NUMBER 2!

NOW I'M A
CHAUFFEUR! I
DON'T GET EXTRA
PAY FOR THIS! I'M
GONNA COMPLAIN
TO THE UNION!



THAT'S THE ARMY,
SON! EVER SINCE
THEY FOUND OUT
I WAS FROM
FLORIDA, THEY'VE
BEEN SHOVIN' ME
CLOSER TO SIBERIA!
BRRR!

WE'RE
READY
WHEN
YOU
ARE,
LIEU-
TENANT!

DON'T LOOK
NOW, BUT
THERE'S A
TRUCK
FOLLOWING
US! WHAT
GIVES?

SERGEANT BILE'S
PLATOON IS TO
ESTABLISH AN
ADVANCE POST ON
THE RIVER WITH
US! THE WHOLE
OUTFIT MOVES UP
TOMORROW!



WHAT A COUNTRY!
IT'S COLD ENOUGH
TO FREEZE THE
NOSE OFF A
ROCKET.. BUT
NOT COLD ENOUGH
TO FREEZE
THIS *!?!&
MUD!

CHEER UP!
YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN MUD
UNTIL YOU'VE
TRAMPED
ALONG
THE RIVER!



THEY REACHED THE MYONGU IN THE LATE AFTERNOON! IT WAS GETTING STEADILY COLDER!

MAN, THOSE FLYBOYS REALLY SCORED! THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE TO SEE TANKS!

TAKE COVER YOU IDIOTS! THIS IS A QUIET PERIMETER NOW, BUT THESE WOODS MAY BE FULL OF REDS WITH MORTARS!



DIG YOUR MEN IN WHERE YOU CAN COVER THE ROAD AND THE BRIDGE. SERGEANT! WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN TRACK DOWN THE RED TANK!

THAT'S US! LET'S MOVE, CHARACTERS!



THEY STARTED FOR THE JEEPS AND EVERYTHING HAPPENED AT ONCE!

YI-I-EE! WHAT'S THAT?

A TANK ENGINE! HE'S RIGHT OVER THERE! HIT THE DIRT!



AT POINT-BLANK RANGE THE JEEPS AND THE HALF-TRACK WERE SITTING DUCKS!

MY BEAUTIFUL BAZOOKA! THAT DIRTY, LOW, DOWN..

PULL BACK! GET UP IN THE ROCKS! ON THE DOUBLE!



RADIO FOR HELP, SERGEANT! ASK FOR AIR COVER!

WITH WHAT? OUR SC300 WAS IN THAT TRUCK!



THIS IS LOVELY! HE GOT OUR ONLY ANTI-TANK WEAPON, AND WE CAN'T RADIO FOR HELP OR PULL OUT! HOW BAD WERE WE MIST, SERGEANT?

FIVE WOUNDED, NONE TOO SERIOUS.. SO FAR!



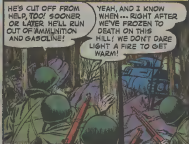
BREAK IT OFF! YOU CAN'T PUNCTURE THAT ARMOR WITH LIGHT STUFF! SAVE YOUR AMMO!



THE T-34 LUMBERED BACK TO THE ROAD AND CROUCHED THERE COVERING THE HILLSIDE!

HE'S CUT OFF FROM HELP, TOO! SOONER OR LATER HE'LL RUN OUT OF AMMUNITION AND GASOLINE!

YEAH, AND I KNOW WHEN... RIGHT AFTER WE'VE FROZEN TO DEATH ON THIS HILL! WE DON'T DARE LIGHT A FIRE TO GET WARM!



THAT WIND'S COLDER THAN A COMMIE SMILE, BUT AT LEAST WE'RE UP OUTTA THAT BLASTED MUD!

MUD! HEY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, CHAVEZ! WHEN IT GETS A LITTLE DARKER, LET'S YOU AND ME TAKE A LITTLE STROLL!



UH-OH! SOME OF THE BOYS DOWN THERE ARE CHANCING A FIRE!

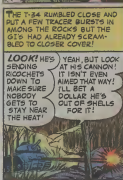
AND HERE COMES WANG-BANG, THE SCRAP-IRON KID, TO INVESTIGATE!



THE T-34 RUMBLLED CLOSE AND PUT A FEW TRACER BURSTS IN AMONG THE ROCKS BUT THE G.I.'S HAD ALREADY SCRAMBLED TO CLOSER COVER!

LOOK! HE'S SENDING RICOCHETS DOWN TO MAKE SURE NOBODY GETS TO STAY NEAR THE HEAT!

YEAH, BUT LOOK AT HIS CANNON! IT ISN'T EVEN AIMED THAT WAY! I'LL BET A DOLLAR HE'S OUT OF SHELLS FOR IT!



SO WHAT? A -50 CAN KILL YUH JUST AS DEAD, AND HE'S STILL GOT TWO OF THOSE!

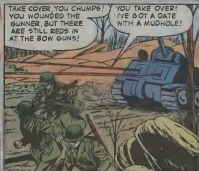
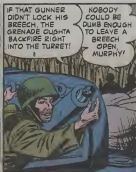
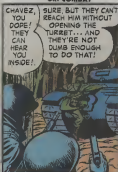
BUT HE HAS TO SEE HIS TARGET WITH THOSE... AND I'M GONNA GIVE HIM A REAL NICE ONE!



YOU AREN'T THE ONLY GUY WITH IDEAS! GIMME A GRENADE, MURPHY! I WANT TO SEE IF HE WAS DOPPEY ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE BREECH-BLOCK OPEN ON THAT CANNON!

OH, BROTHER!







MAN! MAN! LOOK AT OLD WANG BANG SINK INTO THAT GOO!

BUT HE'LL PULL OUT AS SOON AS THOSE TREADS CAN BITE INTO THE HARDER GROUND UNDERNEATH!



THAT'S WHAT HE FIGURED .. AND HE CHEERED UP THE WHOLE RIVER BANK TRYING IT!

THERE HE GOES!

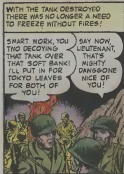


YA-HOO! SLIDE YOU BUZZARDS, SLIDE!

RUSSIA WILL PROBABLY DISOWN 'EM FOR TAKING A BATH!



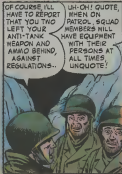
THE REDS MADE ONE DESPERATE TRY AT FIGHTING THEIR WAY OUT OF THE STILL-SINKING BENEMOTH! IT WAS THEIR LAST TRY!



WITH THE TANK DESTROYED THERE WAS NO LONGER A NEED TO FREEZE WITHOUT FIRES!

SMART WORK, YOU TWO DECOYING THAT TANK OVER THAT SOFT BANK! I'LL PUT IN FOR TOKYO LEAVES FOR BOTH OF YOU!

SAY NOW, LIEUTENANT, THAT'S MIGHTY DANGEROUS NICE OF YOU!



OF COURSE, I'LL HAVE TO REPORT THAT YOU TWO LEFT YOUR ANTI-TANK WEAPON AND AMMO BEHIND, AGAINST REGULATIONS..

UH-OH! QUOTE, WHEN ON PATROL, SQUAD MEMBERS WILL HAVE EQUIPMENT WITH THEIR PERSONS AT ALL TIMES, UNQUOTE!

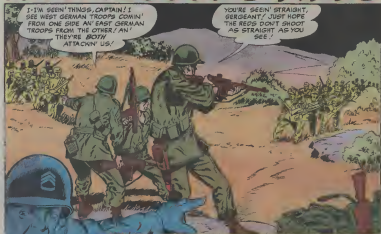


ER.. LET'S FORGET THE WHOLE DEAL, LIEUTENANT! WE JUST DID OUR DUTY!

VERY WELL! THEN I'LL REMEMBER ONLY YOUR FINE MODESTY ... CORPORALS MURPHY AND CHAVEZ!

G.I. COMBAT

INVASION DRIVE



OVER THE YEARS THE REDS HAVE PULLED SOME DESPERATE STUNTS IN THEIR HOT-AND-COLD WAR WITH THE WESTERN DEMOCRACIES! BUT PERHAPS NO SCHEME RIVALLED IN CUNNING AND VICIOUSNESS THE ATTACK THEY LAUNCHED ONE SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON ON CAPTAIN JIM HALLECK'S PICKED GROUP OF G.I.'S STATIONED IN WESTERN GERMANY!

ONE MORNING IN EARLY SEPTEMBER, THERE ROLLED INTO AN AMERICAN CAMP NEAR THE GERMAN BORDER, A PROCESSION OF THICKLY COVERED VEHICLES...



YOU'D THINK ALL THE GOLD FROM FORT KNOK WAS BEIN' SHIPPED THE WAY THEM M.P.'S ARE GUARDIN' THAT CONVOY!



AN HOUR LATER, AT COLONEL BRADY'S OFFICE...

WE'VE CALLED YOU IN, CAPTAIN HALLECK, BECAUSE WE'D LIKE YOU TO COMMAND A VERY DELICATE MILITARY OPERATION!

THE COLONEL'S MEANING WILL BECOME CLEAR, CAPTAIN, ONCE YOU SEE WHAT WE HAVE OUTSIDE! COME THIS WAY!



G-GREAT JUMPIN'...

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN! QUITE A SIGHT, AREN'T THEY?

A SIGHT THE REDS WON'T LIKE TO FACE IN COMBAT, YOU CAN WAGER ON THAT!



INCIDENTALLY, CAPTAIN, IT'S ALSO A SIGHT THE REDS WOULD GIVE THEIR EYE-TEETH TO LOOK AT BEHIND THE SAFETY OF THEIR OWN BORDER!

THEY'RE NEW LAND OFFENSIVE WEAPONS, AREN'T THEY?



NEW AS CAN BE, CAPTAIN, AND COMPLETELY UNTRIED OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY! THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN! YOUR COMPANY HAS BEEN SELECTED TO CONDUCT A MOCK COMBAT TEST WITH THEM!

YOUR MEN WILL BE TRAINED IN THE NEW DEVICES FROM THERE ON... YOU TAKE IT, CAPTAIN!



And so, for almost a week members of Captain Halleck's company were minutely briefed on the use of the new weapons!

TANK #759B CAN DEVELOP THE SPEED OF A SPORTS CAR ON FLAT SURFACES! ITS HORSEPOWER IS PHENOMENAL...



ANOTHER WEEK WAS DEVOTED TO FIELD INSTRUCTION...

NO, NO! GUNNER, YOU'RE NOT USING ONE OF YOUR OLD RECOL INSTRUMENTS! THIS ANTI-TANK GUN IS ABSOLUTELY RECOL-LESS!



LAST OF ALL CAME THE CHOICE OF THE PROPER TOPOGRAPHY FOR THE TEST!

CONFINE YOURSELF TO SECTOR 15 AND 16, CAPTAIN! BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T MOVE TOO CLOSE TO THE EAST GERMAN BORDER! THERE'S CONSTANT INFILTRATION ON THE PART OF THE REDS!

I UNDERSTAND, MAJOR! YOU DON'T WANT TO GIVE THE REDS ANY PRE-VIEWS!



THE COLUMN MOVED OUT OF THE CAMP IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, SO AS NOT TO ATTRACT EVEN THE ATTENTION OF FRIENDLY EYES!

WE'LL KEEP ALL OUR UNITS OUT OF SECTORS 15 AND 16 TILL YOUR MANEUVERS ARE ENDED, CAPTAIN! FOR 48 HOURS YOU'LL LIVE IN YOUR OWN PRIVATE LITTLE WORLD!

THANK YOU, COLONEL! WE'LL DO OUR BEST!



PRETTY BIG DOINGS, EH, CAPTAIN?

BIG AS THEY COME, SERGEANT! A LOT'S GOING TO DEPEND ON WHAT WE LEARN IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS!



BY THE TIME DAWN CAME CAPTAIN HALLECK'S GROUP HAD ENTERED SECTORS 15 AND 16...



BY 10 A.M. THE MANEUVERS WERE IN FULL SWING! BY NOON, A NUMBER OF ASTONISHING COMBAT FACTS WERE NOTED DOWN BY CAPTAIN HALLECK! BUT AT ONE-FOIFTEEN P.M. EXACTLY...

WHAT IS IT, CORCORAN?

W-WEST GERMANY! A WHOLE COMPANY OF THEM, CAPTAIN!



YOU'RE RIGHT, CORCORAN! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE THEY DOING HERE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, CAPTAIN! HERE COMES A SQUAD CAR WITH A TRUCE FLAG!



A THOUSAND PARDONS, HERR CAPTAIN! IT APPEARS MY FORCE HAS BLUNDERED ONTO YOUR MANEUVER GROUND, NICHT?

NICHT IS RIGHT, COLONEL! TAKE OFF AS FAST AS YOU CAN TURN YOUR SQUAD CAR AROUND! NOT EVEN AMERICAN TROOPS ARE PERMITTED IN THIS SECTOR!



ACK! YOU SOUND AS IF WE WERE RED SPES OR SOMETHING EQUALLY DISGUSTING! WE ARE WEST GERMANS, CAPTAIN! WE ARE ON YOUR SIDE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST HORDS! HMM... WHAT INTERESTING VEHICLES! ARE THEY NEW?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! TAKE OFF, I SAID!



SINCE WE VASTLY OUTNUMBER YOUR LITTLE FORCE, CAPTAIN, IT IS CLEAR I LEAVE THROUGH MY GENEROSITY, NOT BECAUSE OF YOUR STRENGTH, AUF WIEDERSEHN, CAPTAIN!

IF THAT MEANS ...SEE YOU AGAIN... LET'S NOT, COLONEL! SCRAM AND STAY SCRAMMED!



BUT THE INSTANT THE WEST GERMAN COLONEL ENTERED HIS SQUAD CAR, HE DREW HIS LUGER!

RUN THEM DOWN! SCHNELL!

H-HOLY CATS, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE GUNNIN' FOR US!



B-BUT THE WEST GERMAN'S ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDLY!

IF THIS'S FRIENDSHIP, GIVE AN ENEMIES ANY TIME I'LL RETURN SOME OF THEIR BLASTED FRIENDSHIP!



I HIT THEIR GAS TANK! THEY'RE PLIN' OUT!

DON'T SHOOT, CORCORAN! MAYBE THEY'LL REGAIN THEIR SENSES!



BUT MINUTES LATER...

A FINE WAY TO REGAIN SENSES! THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR OUR BOYS, ALL OF 'EM!

THE WEST GERMAN'S HAVE GONE CRAZY! I'M ORDERING OUR MEN TO STREAK FOR SECTOR 16! I DON'T WANT A FIGHT IF I CAN HELP IT!



AVOID A FIGHT WITH THOSE NITWITS! WE DON'T WANT AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT! RETREAT TO POSITION 9! WE'LL REGROUP THERE AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, CAPTAIN! BUT I'D GURE LIKE TO GIVE THESE GUYS A TASTE OF OUR NEW WEAPONS!



TEN MINUTES LATER, NEAR SECTOR 16...

HERE THEY COME! GIVE THE ORDER TO ATTACK!





C-CAPTAIN!
LOOK!

N-NOW IT'S
EAST GERMANS!
THEY'VE INVADED
OUR SECTOR! TELL
THE COLUMN TO
HALT!



THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO,
CAPTAIN! WE'RE BEIN'
SQUEEZED FROM TWO
DIRECTIONS! WE'RE IN A
VICE!

WAVE A HANDKERCHIEF, CORCORAN! I
WANT TO TALK TO THE COMMANDER OF
THAT RED FORCE! MAYBE HE'S
BLUNDERED INTO OUR TERRITORY,
TOO!

BUT MOMENTS LATER... AS THE
RED GENERAL EXPLAINED THAT THE
SECTORS WERE CONSIDERED EAST
GERMAN AS OF THAT MORNING...

THAT'S
RIDICULOUS!
THIS IS WEST
GERMAN
TERRITORY
AND YOU
KNOW IT!

TERRITORY BELONGS
TO THOSE WHO CAN
HOLD IT, FOOL!
WHILE THE DIPLOMATS
DEBATE WHETHER WE
HAVE A RIGHT TO BE
HERE, WE'LL BE IN
POSSESSION OF IT! I
CALL UPON YOU TO
SURRENDER!

W-WHAT
ABOUT
THOSE
WEST
GERMANS?
WHAT'RE
THEY
DOING
HERE?

YOU MAKE ME SMILE,
AMERICAN! THERE ARE
NO WEST GERMANS
HERE! THEY'RE EAST
GERMANS DISGUISED
IN WEST GERMAN
UNIFORMS! THEY'RE
LED BY HERR VOSSSE,
ONE OF OUR BRILLIANT
SPY LEADERS IN THE
WEST ZONE!

HERE VOSSSE LEARNED ABOUT YOUR
SECRET WEAPONS TEST HERE! SO
WE DECIDED TO KILL TWO BIRDS
WITH ONE STONE! SEIZE THESE
SECTORS AND EVERYTHING ON IT!...
LIKE THOSE
WEAPONS!

I HEARD
ENOUGH!
CORCORAN,
PUT THIS
CYCLE IN
REVERSE!

RIGHT,
CAPTAIN!

A NICE FIX! THERE'S NO
WAY OUT EXCEPT
ANNIHILATION! OUR FORCE
IS OUTNUMBERED 10 TO 1!
WE'D BETTER RADIO FOR
HELP!

WE'RE BEYOND HELP,
CORCORAN! BY THE
TIME REINFORCE-
MENTS GET HERE,
WE'LL BE WIRED OUT!
THE SECRET WEAPONS
WILL HAVE DISAPPEARED
OVER THE BORDER!

AFTER THAT, THE ONLY SATISFACTION NATO WILL
GET WILL BE A VAGUE APOLOGY AND ASSORTED
LIES... BUT NO RETURN OF THE MATERIAL! NO,
CORCORAN, THIS MAN'S ARMY, SMALL AS IT
IS, WILL HELP ITSELF!



EXPERIMENTAL GROUP 87! THIS IS HALLECK! INSTEAD OF USING THE NEW STUFF FOR MANEUVER TESTING ONLY, WE'LL TRY IT ON THESE INVADERS! TAKE BATTLE FORMATION!



HIT THE WEST GERMAN! OR RATHER THE EAST GERMAN IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING... FIRST! GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING!



THAT'S THE TICKET, ANTI-TANK CREWS! GIVE 'EM UNCLE SAM'S LATEST SUNDAY PUNCH!



MOVING WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE AMERICAN TANKS, VASTLY SUPERIOR IN POWER, ARMOR AND MANEUVERABILITY, BASHED INTO THEIR ENEMIES!



THE U.S. ARMORED UNITS WERE UNSTOPPABLE! THEIR ARMOR WAS OF ASTOUNDING IMPREGNABILITY! RED PROJECTILES RATTLED OFF THEIR SIDES LIKE GREEN PEAS!



THE NEW ARMORED CARS WERE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE! THEIR INMEASURABLY IMPROVED FIRE-POWER STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE INVADERS!



GREAT WORK! THEY'RE ON THE RUN! UNITS 1 THROUGH 8, HEAD DUE NORTH, AS IF YOU'RE FLEEING! THEN CIRCLE BACK AND BEHIND THE EAST GERMAN! THE REST OF YOU, ABOUT FACE!



IT IS AMAZING! THEY HAVE
ROUTED OUR COMRADES! BUT
WE ARE A VASTLY
HIGHTIER FORCE!
MEET THEM HEAD ON!
THEY CANNOT
DEFEAT US!



YOU SEE? I WAS RIGHT!
PART OF THE AMERICAN
FORCE HAS RETREATED!
MOP UP ON THESE
DEMORALIZED
FOOLS!



THE REDS BEGAN THEIR HOPPING UP
OPERATIONS ...



... BUT THE SO-CALLED RETREATING G.I.S
RETREATED TO THE REAR OF THE EAST
GERMAN FORCES! THE PANIC WAS ON!

YOUR TRICK WORKED, CAPTAIN HALLECK!
WE CAUGHT 'EM UNAWARES! THESE TANKS
ARE SO FAST, THE REDS DIDN'T SEE US
TILL IT WAS TOO LATE! THEY'RE CAUGHT IN
A BLIND ALLEY!



AFTER TEN MORE MINUTES OF GRIM, FITCHED BATTLE ...

WE DID IT! OVERWHELMING ODDS
MEAN NOTHING ALONGSIDE THESE
NEW BARIES! SO THEY WERE GOING TO
KILL TWO BIRDS WITH
ONE STONE,
EH?



Q-QUICK! TELL THEM
WE SURRENDER!
W-WHAT THEY'RE
DOING TO US...
IT IS
SCHRECK-
LISH!

SHORTLY AFTER, AS BOTH RED FORCES LAID
DOWN THEIR ARMS!

WELL, HERR VOSSE, YOU
SURE BLUNDERED INTO OUR MANEUVERING
GROUNDS! YOU AND YOUR SPY BUDDIES WILL BE
TURNED OVER TO LEGITIMATE WEST GERMAN
AUTHORITIES FOR PUNISHMENT! AS FOR YOU,
GENERAL, MAYBE YOUR EAST GERMAN COMMIE
PALS WILL CHANGE THEIR
MINDS ABOUT WHOSE
SECTOR THIS IS!



HOURS LATER, AT THE U.S. ARMY POST ...

I NEEDN'T ASK HOW THE
MANUEVERG FARED,
CAPTAIN!

THAT'S RIGHT, COLONEL!
WE HAVE LIVING PROOF
IN THESE PRISONERS! TELL
WASHINGTON THE RED INVADERS
THINK THE SAME! AS ALWAYS,
UNCLE SAM IS
A HANDS
DOWN
SUCCESS!



How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois

IT STARTED WHEN JIM WHITE PULLED UP IN HIS NEW CAR.



Hi, Bill! Like my new car?

How can he afford that on the salary he makes?

I made \$18 EXTRA this week thanks to this terrific Selling Outfit!



What's in there, Diamonds?

No, but maybe BETTER! I'm a Mason Shoe Man in off hours. You should see how people buy these shoes! Look... real AIR CUSHION innersoles!



GOSH! Can I make money that way?

Jim told me Mason sends a Selling Outfit FREE and shows how to make MONEY So I mailed a coupon. My wife was thrilled!



Bill! Look...a real air cushion innersole that customers can feel!

And that's all! Over 175 different styles! Dress shoes, sport shoes, work shoes...even youth sizes! AMA NO. 6622

I started with friends, relatives, people where I worked. EVERYBODY wants comfortable shoes!



Just feel that cushion, Joe! Wouldn't you like to "Walk on Air" all day long?

Says do like those about you sure have good style...my right shoe, too!

Soon the Mason people sent me actual sample shoes, and sales came faster than ever!



Say...you have a larger selection than a store!

Shoes and socks all the time and under \$14 every flat night! Mason has 200,000 pairs on hand, so I'm never out of a style. \$2.95 or under!

My spare-time business grew by leaps and bounds. It was a bunch getting regular orders!



Hello, Mr. Jones! It's been 2 months since I've called on you.

Come in Mr. Bergstrom! I've just gotten another pair of Mason shoes. They will meet a year, too!

Make him a shoe fit to suit!

I then had a business that brought me over \$6,000 EXTRA a year, plus exciting profits. I found real security!



Bill's a new teacher!

I don't care! Mason gives me thousands of pairs every year. I'm really making a small fortune!

Mail Coupon For YOUR **FREE** Money-Making Outfit!

What would YOU do with \$3,000 EXTRA income a year? Thousands of men are making handsome extra incomes with Mason Shoe. You don't need one cent...ever. You need no experience. We'll send you a complete Selling Outfit FREE! It features handsome line of over 175 styles in smart dress shoes, sporty casuals and fast-selling work shoes...and includes 10-second Air Cushion demonstrations, measuring equipment, Money-making booklet, National ads. EVERYTHING you need to start making big money from your first hour!

If you want to give yourself a raise every month—with a steady-profit repeat-order business...if you want to be your own boss...just rush this coupon TODAY to Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. M8871, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. You'll receive your powerful FREE SALES OUTFIT right away!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. M8871
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start making a small fortune in spare time! Rush my FREE SELLING OUTFIT with everything I need to start making money my first hour!

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

Incident in a Storm

HIS face a tight mask of dirt, sweat and exhaustion, Frank Mann leaned against an ancient rubber tree at the edge of the clearing. The night rains of Malaya began to beat down on the dense, jungle foliage overhead and he was struck by the familiarity of the scene before him. The plantation house and the outbuildings were now ramshackle and the bomb blasted side of the house was a grim reminder that for the second time in six years, this peninsula rubber empire was again in the grip of war, only this time it was called revolution.

He checked his chronometer and with minutes to spare before he went into the old house to meet Lo See, he reviewed those earlier days in his mind. Then, as an infantry lieutenant, leading a small patrol through the enemy infested jungle, his life had been saved and his patrol held, by the good Cho Sen family who owned this rubber plantation. When it was safe to move, they fought the jungle out to the small river and escaped to sea and a U.S. ship.

"Why," he mused, "it must be near this very spot where we hid that metal box of ammunition and covered it with underbrush as that old Mr. Cho Sen could get to it if he needed it after helping us escape." And he moved quietly over to the spot behind the remains of the servants' house. Sure enough, beneath two feet of heavy underbrush was the rusty metal box, the top still clamped tight shut. Maybe if old Cho Sen had remembered that cache of ammunition when the revolutionaries attacked the plantation, his clerical wife wouldn't be an impoverished widow and Frank Mann wouldn't be returning now to retrieve the only remaining vestige of the care-free fortune of the Cho Sen clan—the Cho Sen sapphire.

A rustle at the other side of the clearing brought him to sharp attention and through the mists and falling rain, he discerned the bent, running figure of a native scurrying into the plantation house. Frank glanced at the time and thought, "It must be the servant, Lo See, and right on the button." Madam Cho Sen's message had gotten through the Malayan underground to Lo See, the trusted family servant, who, at the last, had helped Madam escape safely when the rebels violently attacked the plantation. He then returned to bury his wandering master and melted into the masses of unidentified Malaysians on the peninsula. He was to lead Frank Mann to the underground room beneath the house and then, armed with the secret of the hiding place known only to Madam Cho Sen, Frank would find the sapphire, pay the trusted Lo See a handsome sum for his trouble, and then fight his way through the rotting underbrush to the river inlet. There the sea-going sampan lay hidden, waiting to speed him to open water and the safety of the small frigate that would weigh anchor at dawn.

He slipped out into the clearing and as the pelting rain now hit him full force he was grateful for the cover of the old sandy raincoat. Frank shivered through the mud to the plantation door, feeling, all of a sudden, as though many eyes peered the sheets of falling rain and drilled into his back. "Pure fancy," he thought. "The rain gave up hushing the sapphire when Madam Cho Sen escaped. They couldn't keep this deserted plantation under constant surveillance."

Once inside the house, he walked through to the kitchen and Lo See slipped out of the shadows, a covered lantern in hand. "Lieutenant Mann, you come in, good time."

"Hi, Lo See," replied Mann. "I bring you the greetings of Madam Cho Sen and her deepest gratitude." The Malayan bowed deeply and then turned to lead the way into the parlor.

"Madam must extend her gratitude to you, too, Lieu-

tenant, since you risk your life to return here for her family jewel," said Lo See. "I owe my life to the Cho Seng. This is merely a partial repayment for it," said Frank.

By this time they were at the back of the second small pantry and Lo See shoved sharply on the bottom of the screen back wall and it slumped back at him like a wall in wrong board stone steps led downward. The room at the foot of the stairs was as Madam Cho had described it, stone walls, chill and damp, and empty of all but a small table and chair. Heeding her detailed instructions, Frank hastily stepped onto the table and with the butt of his gun, sharply tapped on the lower corner of the top corner stone. Directly below, at floor level, a stone swung out into the room. Lo See caught his breath as Frank jumped to the door and placing his gun on the table, he drew out a small box. The sapphire lid flew up to display the glittering insignificance of the fabulous Cho Sen Sapphire. And Frank looked up to greet the business end of his own automatic, clutched in the hand of a wild-eyed Lo See. "Thank you for leading me to it, Lieutenant Mann," snarled Lo See. "I've searched for many months, ever since I had Madam Cho Sen shipped out of the country." Frank's surprise was evident. "But your reward—" he muttered. Lo See made himself clear in a hurry. "I'm an agent for the opposition forces and when they arrive momentarily to take you into custody, I shall deliver the jewel to our leader to aid in the glorious victory of our forces and also take Madam's reward."

Wearing an unbelieving expression, Frank stepped forward, his hand stretched out with the jewel box in it. Suddenly, Lo See reacted—for disaster. Frank lashed out with his free hand, sending the gun flying from Lo See's grasp. He followed up with a vicious attack to the jaw, snatched the gun from the floor and yanking the jewel box down the neck of his clothing until he could feel it next to his chest, he rared up the stairs, through the parlor and into the kitchen. He was in time to see three closing in, eight shelling fingers coming toward the house. He thought quickly and slipped through the screen towards the front door as the rebels entered the back kitchen. They immediately headed for the pantry where Lo See's lantern below cast a dim light up the steps.


Just outside the front door, Frank hid low the guard, and as he started across the clearing, he heard the hub and cry from the house. He made for the old servants' quarters, a fervent prayer on his lips and a daring plan in his mind. Cuching the building, he fell to the ground and with supreme effort, extracted the rusted ammunition box from beneath the underbrush. The clamps came open but the top was stuck fast. Frank could hear the rebels as they came upon the unconscious guard and they heard Frank as he smashed his revolver against the box lid and it flew off with a clang. There lay six grenades. A frantic thought hit Frank. "If they're stuck after six years—" He didn't have time for more. The rebels were moving in slowly now. They knew where he was. He pulled the pin and heaved the first one—not a sound, the fuse had not even heard it fall. The second one was another dud. The third one connected and blasted the first hatch of rebels sky high and before the second contingent could figure an angle the fourth and fifth grenades made themselves known.

As Frank turned to leave, he spotted the white native clothes of Lo See where the last grenade had gone off.

The sampan moved into the harbor, just before dawn and as Frank Mann swung up the ladder of the freighter, he felt the jewel box hard against his chest. Madam Cho Sen would have her jewel and Frank Mann had repaid his life's debt in avenging her husband's murder.

G.I. COMBAT

Private Longhorse **ATTACKS**



PRIVATE CHARLIE LONGHORSE WAS A FULL-BLOODED CHEYENNE INDIAN! HE WAS ALSO THE CLUMSIEST GUY IN DOG COMPANY-- WHICH GAVE ACID-TONGUED SERGEANT KELLER A CHANCE TO PRACTISE HIS WIT AT EVERY FUMBLE! CHARLIE COULD TAKE IT FROM THE SERGEANT... BUT WHEN THE REDS GOT INTO THE ACT HE FLIPPED HIS FEATHERS AND WENT ON A ONE-MAN WARPATH THAT PUT A NAMELESS RIDGE ON THE KOREAN MAP AS ...
WARWHOOOP HILL!

A NARROW COMMUNICATIONS TRENCH ZIG-ZAGGED ACROSS THE AMERICAN POSITION ON KA-NONG RIDGE!

SOMEBODY'S COMING! UP THE TRENCH, BRADY! MAYBE IT'S A RED!

ARE YOU KIDDING, SARGE? NOTHING BUT A HERD OF ELEPHANTS COULD MAKE THAT MUCH NOISE!

POC. CHARLIE LONGHORSE REPORTING, SIR! I'M A REPLACEMENT!

FOR WHAT... A SHERMAN TANK? AND QUIT TRYING TO SALUTE A SERGEANT! IF YOU ... HOLY SMOKE! AN INDIAN!





G.I. COMBAT

YOU MEAN THEY DO THIS EVERY DAY? WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY KNOCK OUT THOSE MORTARS AND TAKE THAT RIDGE?

HAH! BECAUSE BETWEEN US AND THEM ARE ABOUT 500 RED CHINESE, DUG IN TO STAY! NEITHER ARTILLERY NOR BOMBS CAN GET AT THEM!



TIME FOR GUESTS! YOU... HEAR BIG CHIEF STUMBLEFOOT... STAY CLOSE TO ME... BUT NOT TOO CLOSE!

AND KEEP AWAY FROM MY BROWNING, BUD, OR I'LL SCALP YOU!



LET 'EM HAVE IT!

COME ON, YOU RED DEVILS!



IN THE FURY OF THE BATTLE, A NEW SOUND AROSE... THE BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM OF THE INDIAN WARHOOP!

DOONAH... WAH... WAH...

YIPE! AN INDIAN WARHOOP!



COME ON, YOU BUZZARD! I'LL... OOPS!

LOOK OUT!



NO YOU DON'T, JUG-EARS!

WAAH!



THE ATTACK WAS SHARP, DEADLY, VICIOUS... AND THEN IT WAS OVER!

HEY...! BLAST IT, CHIEF, YOU'D BE A TOP-NOTCH FIGHTER IF YOU COULD LEARN TO CONTROL THOSE FEET OF YOURS!

THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLING THEM SERGEANT!



I THOUGHT INDIANS GREPT LIKE SHADOWS WHEN THEY WENT ON A RAID! YOU'RE THE CLUMSIEST GOON I EVER GOT KICKED BY!

IF THEY'D LET ME WEAR MOCCASINS LIKE I ALWAYS DID IN THE MOUNTAINS, I'D BE OKAY! IT'S THESE HEAVY G.I. BOOTS THAT GET ME!

OH NO! HQ SAYS WE'RE TO STORM NAVELESS RIDGE AT MIDNIGHT! THE WHOLE PERIMETER'S BEING PUSHED FORWARD!

WITH THOSE RED MORTARS ZEROED IN ON THE SLOPE, WE'LL BE CLOBBERED! OH, WELL... OURS BUT TO DO AND DIE, AS THE POET SAYS!



SERGEANT, LET ME GO OUT ALONE WHEN IT'S DARK! I CAN GET UP THERE AND KNOCK OUT THOSE MORTARS WITH GRENADES!

YOU? YOU'D KICK THE REDS TO DEATH IF YOU GOT CLOSE ENOUGH... BUT YOU'D NEVER GET TEN FEET OUT WITH THE NOISE YOU MAKE!

NOT IN BOOTS, SARGE! LET ME WEAR MY MOCCASINS AND NOBODY'D HEAR ME! I'VE GOT A PAIR WITH ME!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'VE GOT TIN-PLATED TOM-AHAWKS... THE ANSWER IS NO! NOW GET SOME REST BEFORE WE MOVE!

THROUGH THE HOURS THAT MOVED FROM GRAY DAWN INTO NIGHT, THE MEN OF THE SQUAD GOT BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH CHARLIE!

ASO AFTER I FINISHED COLLEGE, I WENT BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS TO STUDY AND RECORD INDIAN LORE AND WOODCRAFT TRICKS!

PARDON ME FOR BEING PERSONAL, CHIEF, BUT YOU ADOULNT BE FIGURING ON PULLING ONE OF THOSE TRICKS ON THE SARGE WOULD YOU?



YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID ABOUT NOT GOING OFF ON YOUR OWN!

NOW FELLOWS, YOU KNOW A SERGEANT'S WORD IS LAW IN THE ARMY! I'M JUST GOING OUT FOR A WALK ALONG THE TRENCH TO EASE MY FEET!

OKAY! I'M THE THREE MONKEYS... HEAR NOTHING, SEE NOTHING, SAY NOTHING! BUT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO BORROW THIS .45 I LIBERATED!

THANKS, FRIEND! I'LL WALK BETTER WITH MY HP BALANCED, AT THAT! SEE YOU AROUND!



RELIEVED
OF ALMOST
6 POUNDS
OF
CUMBERSOME
BOOTS, CHARLIE
LONGHORSE
WAS A
DRIFTING
SHADOW
AS HE
SLID
ONTO
THE
DEADLY
SLOPE!



IF THE SARGE CATCHES ME
NOW, I'M A GOOD INDIAN...
AS THE OLD-TIMERS
RATED US!

G.I. COMBAT

A FEW MINUTES LATER, UP
THE BUNKERED SLOPE OF
NAMELESS RIDGE...

THAT'S FINE, BOYS! STAY
TURNED AND CLOSE
TOGETHER!



CHIN UP, BOYS! LET'S
NOT MAKE
THIS
DIFFICULT!



I'LL JUST LEAVE THEM TIED UP
BACK THERE SO THEY WON'T
INTERFERE! SILENCE AND
STEALTH FROM
HERE ON!



NO OLD-
TIME
INDIAN
RAID
EVER
MOVED
WITH
MORE
SILENT
DEADLINESS!
NO RED
HEARD
A SOUND
OR SAW
THE
INDIAN!

SURPRISED? WELL YOUR
FRIENDS WILL BE MORE
SO WHEN THEY FIND
THEIR SENTRY
TIED UP NICE
AND NEAT!



CROUCHED, FROZEN, CHARLIE SEARCHED NIGHT
BREEZES WITH EARS AND NOSTRILS TRAINED TO
DETECT THE FAINTEST CLUES!

I HEAR BREATHING AND CATCH THE
SCENT OF GARLIC! THAT MEANS REDS
SOMEBODY UP-WIND AND NOT OVER
A DOZEN YARDS!



THERE THEY ARE, UNDER THIS ROCK
OVERHANG! NO WONDER BOMBS
AND SHELLS COULDN'T KNOCK
THEM OUT!





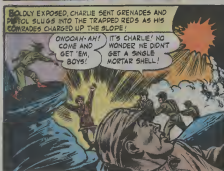
HAVE SOME
PINEAPPLES,
BOYS!



AS IF IN
ECHO TO
THOSE
DEADLY
BURSTS,
THE ALLIED
MORTARS
SENT UP
SHELLS
TO LIGHT
THE ATTACK
... WHILE
CHARLIE
LONGHORSE
WELCOMED
HIS
SQUADRON
MATES
WITH A
WARWHOOP!



OHOOAH-AH-AH-WAH-WAH!



BOLDLY EXPOSED, CHARLIE SENT GRENADES AND
Pistol SLUGS INTO THE TRAPPED REDS AS HIS
COMRADES CHARGED UP THE SLOPE!

OHOOAH-AH!
COME AND
GET 'EM,
BOYS!

IT'S CHARLIE! NO
WONDER HE DIDNT
GET A SINGLE
MORTAR SHELL!



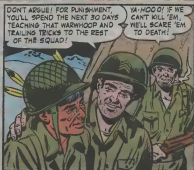
WE'RE EVEN,
SARGE!

YOU!



DID I ... OR DID I NOT ...
FORBID YOU TO GO OUT
ON A LONE-WOLF
MISSION, PRIVATE
LONGHORSE?

UHP! ... UH ... I GUESS
YOU DID, SARGE, BUT ...



DONT ARGUE! FOR PUNISHMENT,
YOU'LL SPEND THE NEXT 30 DAYS
TEACHING THAT WARWHOOP AND
TRAILING TRICKS TO THE REST
OF THE SQUAD!

YAH-HOOO! IF WE
CANT KILL 'EM,
HE'LL SCARE 'EM
TO DEATH!

Fishermen! CATCH MORE FISH With This NEW AUTOMATIC "Shur Hooker" FISHERMAN!



COMPLETE \$1.00
ONLY

WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP!

Here's a real fishing pot for you—a clever new invention that catches fish automatically. Install one or more on your pier, your boat, a tree or post. Then walk away. Go to sleep. Do anything you wish. The moment a fish bites, presto! Your Automatic Fisherman goes to work for you lightning fast. The trigger releases! Hook sets in mouth of fish! Up comes catching arm. Like magic your fish is caught! Repeat this speedy automatic action over and over until you've caught your limit. Here's fishing at its best. Order today so you can even catch fish this easy, automatic way.

GUARANTEED

SHUR-HOOKER is guaranteed to catch fish automatically as described or your money back.

The instant fish bites, trigger releases automatically which sets hook in mouth of fish. At the same time, catching arm comes up to make catch secure.



FROM A BOAT



FROM A PIER



FROM A TREE



FROM A POST



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Good fishermen use SHUR-HOOKER to fish one side of a boat or pier while they cast or troll on the other side. Saves time. Catches more fish. Can also be used in your hand like a fishing pole, or for trolling while you row a boat. Requires no watching. Works automatically when fish bites. So easy to use any woman or youngster can operate it. Nothing to get out of order. Made to last for years. Take advantage of our big money-saving offer and get several so you can fish all the best spots at one time. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

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Rush SHUR-HOOKER Automatic Fisherman to me as checked below on 10 day money back guarantee offer.

- ☐ 1 for \$1.00, ☐ 2 for \$1.79, ☐ 4 for \$5.00
- ☐ SHIP THIS ORDER POSTPAID. Enclosed is full amount plus only 10¢ postage for 1. 15¢ for 2. 35¢ for 4.
- ☐ Ship This Order C.O.D. plus all C.O.D. postage charges.

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ADDRESS _____
TOWN _____ STATE _____



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*** MAKE MONEY & TOO!**

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1994年 4月 10日

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Figure 1

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 1주: 6월 1주
 6월 1주: 6월 1주

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who are in
a hurry to get
out of the
house. But
the children
are not in a
hurry to get
out of the
house. They
are in a hurry
to get out of
the house.

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by e-mail comments as explained. INTCDF10-AUG
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Address: _____

The FUNman, Dept. K-136, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois

"I'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T-N-T IN YOUR FISTS"

Says JOE LOUIS, Great World Champion

**Broaden your shoulders... put
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Add solid new muscle to your arms.**

I wish you could come to Lou Stillman's famous training headquarters with me... see how the Champions build their bodies and keep physically fit.

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Extra! I'll send you my "Fight Secrets" for just 10¢ — so that you'll be sure to write me. Get off the bench — and into the game. Send me the coupon below right now!

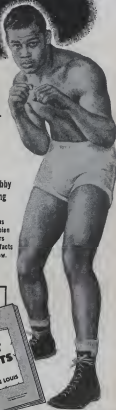
Sincerely,

Joe Louis

*Are
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- Tired
- Nervous
- Rundown
- Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always being picked on?

Then do exactly as Joe and his champion staff of instructors tell you. For full facts send coupon below.



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